

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 50—No. 42.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1872.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY, SATURDAY, Oct. 19, at Three. THIRD SATURDAY CONCERT AND AFTERNOON PROMENADE.—Symphony No. 2 (Beethoven); Concerto for Organ and Full Orchestra (Proust), first time: Overtures, "All Bala" (Cherubini), and "Ruy Blas" (Mendelssohn. Madame Sinico; Mr. J. W. Turner. Solo Organ, Dr. John Stainer. Conductor—MR. MANNS. Admission Half-a-Crown, or by Guinea Season Ticket Transferable Reserved Stalls for the Twenty-three Concerts, Two Guineas; Single Stalls, Half-a-Crown.

MADAME SINICO and Solo Organ, Dr. J. STAINER, at the SATURDAY CONCERT, THIS DAY.

MONTHLY POPULAR CONCERTS, BRIXTON.—FOURTH SEASON. Director—MR. RIDLEY PRENTICE. First concert next TUESDAY Evening, October 22nd. Messrs. Henry Holmes, Folkes, Burnett, Lutgen, Ridley Prentice, and Minson; Miss Purdy. String Quartet, Haydn; Pianoforte Quartet, Schumann: Moonlight Sonata, Beethoven; Sonata, (Pianoforte and violin), W. H. Holmes. Tickets 21 1s.; 12s. 6d.; 6s.; 2s. 6d.; 1s., of Mr. Ridley Prentice, 309, Wimpole Street, W.

MR. SANTLEY'S TOUR.—Monday, October 21, Huddersfield; Tuesday, 22nd, Liverpool; Wednesday, 23rd, Warrington; Thursday, 24th, Walsfield; Friday, 25th, Cambridge; Saturday morning, 26th, Bury St. Edmunds. All applications to be made to Mr. George Dolby, 52, New Bond Street, W.

"THE MARINER."

MR. HILTON will sing L. DIEHL's new song, "THE MARINER," at the Royal Albert Hall, on Monday Evening next, October 21st.

"ROCK ME TO SLEEP."

MISS PURDY will sing BENEDICT's admired song, "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," at the Royal Albert Hall, on Monday Evening, October 21st.

"MARCHE BRESILLIENNE."

MDLLE. FLORA HEILBRON will play IGNAZ GIBSON's popular "MARCHE BRESILLIENNE," on Messrs. Hopkinson and Co.'s pianos, at the International Exhibition THIS DAY.

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"THE SNAPPED THREAD," the favourite "Spinning Song," by Elscold, will be sung by Madame Sauerbrey, accompanied by the Composer, at Mr. Kahe's Third Pianoforte Recital, Brighton, November 6th.

MISS AMY STEWART will play ASCHER's admired Romance, "ALICE," on Messrs. Wornum's Grand Pianoforte, at the International Exhibition, in Room 16, every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at Two o'clock, until the close of the season.

MR. O. CHRISTIAN (Primo Basso).—Communications respecting engagements for Oratorios and Concerts to be addressed 18, Adelaide Square, Windsor.

HERR SCHUBERTH (Director of the Schubert Society, Vice-President of the Mozart and Beethoven Society, &c.) begs to announce his return to Town from the Continent. Address—Care of Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"BARITONE."

HERR CARL BOHRER (from the Royal Opera, Dresden), Professor of Singing, begs to acquaint his Pupils and Friends that he has returned to Town. 107, Hereford Road, Westbourne Grove, Bayswater.

MADAME CORA DE WILHORST, having recovered from her severe indisposition, has returned to England, and can accept engagements for the autumn and winter season. All communications to be made to Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte, 26, Charing Cross, London.

MDLLE. BONDY, Pianist, begs to announce her return to London. Communications to be addressed to No. 17, South Molton Street, Grosvenor Square.

SCIENCE AND ART FOR WOMEN, SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

MR. ERNST PAUER will deliver Six Lectures on "THE CLAVECIN AND PIANOFORTE," and Mr. SEDLEY TAYLOR, Six Lectures on the "THEORY OF SOUND." Commencing Wednesday the 6th of November, at 2.30, p.m. For prospectus apply to the Hon. and Rev. F. Byng, Treasurer at the Museum. Fee for either Course, 10s. 6d., or for both Courses, 15s.

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(SONG.)

MUSIC BY

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EMILE BERGER.



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Sweet hawthorn time—fair month of May!

What joys attend thine advent gay!

On every tree the birds sing.

From hill and dale glad echoes ring;

The lark, inspir'd, to Heaven ascends.

The gurgling brook in beauty wends

By mossy bank and grassy brae,

Where violets bloom and lambskins play.

Delightful Spring—sweet month of May!

What joys attend thine advent gay!

In mantle clad of fairest sheen,

The woods burst forth in virgin green—

Bright home of birds and flow'rets gay,

The streamlet woos thy sheltered way,

Thro' primrose dells, sweet hawthorn glades,

And silver birches' fragrant shades,

Where nightingales, at close of day,

In leafy bow'rs trill raptur'd lay.

Delightful Spring—sweet month of May!

What joys attend thine advent gay!

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SONG.

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BEETHOVEN'S LOVE-LETTER.

FROM THE APPENDIX TO THE THIRD VOLUME OF THAYER'S
LEBEN BEETHOVEN'S.

(Taken from the "Neue Freie Presse," with Remarks by Alfred Kalischer.)*
(Continued from page 651.)

To this the author appends the following remarks:—

If we read this document in connection with the facts and letters contained in the second volume of the *Biography* for the years 1800-1802, we arrive with perfect clearness and certainty at the conclusion that it cannot belong to those three years. Even if we were to attach no importance to its general character there are two sentences which could not have been written in that brilliant period of Beethoven's life, and, therefore, even of themselves, are decisive, namely, the first sentence: "and yet my life in W., as at present, is but a hard life," as likewise the words: "at my years now I should require some uniformity, equality of life."[†]

In fact, the most careful subsequent weighing of the course of proof in the second volume (namely, that Schindler was in error), with all the advantages resulting from contrary criticisms, has not succeeded in discovering a single error, except, perhaps, the somewhat unessential remark that a mistake of Beethoven's as to

*From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

† This argument against the period of 1800—1802, does not strike me as a happy one. On the contrary, it can be proved that the years 1801—1802 are to be regarded as only *apparently* prosperous ones in the composer's life. I believe myself in a position to show that the passages quoted by the author: "And yet my life in Vienna, as at present, is a hard life," and "at my years now I should require some uniformity, equality of life," may most assuredly have been written in the year 1802. I can here do no more than rapidly sketch in the picture. At this date, Beethoven's material circumstances were beginning to be satisfactory. After a short creative period, his professional fame had attained a great height. He felt himself ever more and more powerfully impelled to his eagle-like flights. All this might easily enough enable him to get over the bitter disappointments heaped on him by those with whom he was on friendly terms. His spirit was just making mighty preparations for drawing fresh treasures from the endless spring of art. Suddenly, like some pale ghost, the demon of deafness stole into his musical being. The approach of a danger which threatened to render problematical his whole existence as a creator, must have indeed overclouded his strong soul. Here was a most fearful instance of the heaviest calamity that could befall anyone with the heart of a musician. If we have suffered some great affliction for a number of years, it becomes more and more of a bitter-sweet attribute. But fearful and truly tragic is any shocking misfortune when it first breaks on us. The reader must remember, too, that the nature of nearly all poetic, philosophic, and artistic minds is plunged in deeper mourning than that of ordinary beings, for their senses soar aloft mostly in ideal worlds, and feel most acutely the fall from idealistic purity to realistic nothingness. For this reason, melancholy is a peculiar characteristic of such beings. Beethoven's melancholy disposition was displayed at an early age. This is proved by his own words to Dr. Schaden, an advocate at Augsburg, whose acquaintance he made on his first visit to Vienna in 1787. He was then scarcely seventeen, and this is how he wrote to him from Bonn:—"Ever since I have been here, I have enjoyed but few pleasant hours. I have been suffering the whole time from shortness of breath, and I cannot help fearing that it will end in consumption; to this must be added melancholy, which is for me nearly as great an evil as my illness itself."—The first consciousness, therefore, of his deafness must have affected very profoundly a person of his melancholy disposition. We must consequently not consider as exaggerated remarks which the composer addressed to his friends in the period of 1801—1802. They are in perfect keeping with the nature of things and with his own. I append two or three cries of distress to his friends Amenda and Wegeler. I will first quote several passages from the beautiful letter of the 1st July, 1801, to Carl Amenda, at Wirben, in Courland. "You are no Vienna friend—no, you are like one of those whom my native soil is accustomed to bring forth. How often I wish you were with me, for your B. is living very unhappily at war with Nature and Creator, I have already often cursed the latter, for exposing his creatures to the smallest chance, so that the most beautiful flower is thereby frequently destroyed and crushed, know that my noblest part, my hearing has greatly diminished."—"how sadly I must live now, avoid all that are near and dear to me; and then among such wretched, egotistical persons."—"O how happy I should be now, if I had my perfect hearing."—"Sad Resignation, to which I must now flee for refuge, I have, it is true, resolved to raise myself above the whole matter, but how will it be possible for me to do so?"—After giving his friend Wegeler, on the 29th July of the same year, a favourable account of his material circumstances, he utters the following

the day was "inconceivable." The author's experience has since then proved to him how easily such an error, committed in the morning, is continued in private correspondence, till the necessity of absolute accuracy in an official document leads him to remark it.

Every one who reads, carefully and thoughtfully, the Letter in question will perceive that it would be utterly irreconcilable with the assumption that Beethoven's partiality for the person to whom it was addressed was something new and sudden; that further, Beethoven had only just before left his beloved, whoever she was; and, finally, that he writes with the full conviction that his love is returned, that the wish to join their lots was mutual, and that, by patient waiting and endurance, the obstacles which then opposed their "aim of living together" would vanish or be overcome.

In the attempt to decide when Beethoven wrote in this way we cannot completely pass over his own inaccurate dates, which, on the contrary, must, to some considerable extent, guide us in the investigation. If the words: "Evening, Monday, 6th July" are to be considered decisive, the investigation is restricted to the two years, 1807 and 1812, since the years 1801 and 1818 are both out of the question. If, however, we assume the error of a day in the date, the investigation would be extended to one of the years here annexed:—

lament: "Only that envious demon, my bad health has played me a scurvy trick, inasmuch as my hearing has been growing worse and worse for the last three years."—(Here follows a long description of his hypochondriacal symptoms) "I can truly say I have passed my life miserably; for nearly two years I have avoided all company because it is not possible for me to say to people: 'I am deaf,' &c., &c."—"I have frequently cursed my existence; Plutarch has guided me to Resignation. I will, if it be only possible, defy my fate, though there will come moments in my life when I shall be the most unhappy being God has created."—Similar lamentations are contained in a letter of the 16th November in the same year (the date has been admirably fixed by Thayer). "I am now leading a somewhat more agreeable life, because I have mixed a little more with the world. You can hardly believe what a sad desolate life mine has been for the last two years, my bad hearing always seemed to me like a spectre, and I avoided men; I must have appeared a misanthrope, and yet am far from being one.—This change has been wrought by a dear and bewitching girl, who loves me, and whom I love."—"but for this misfortune! O, if freed from it I would span the world! My youth, I feel, is only now beginning, was I not always a sickly being?"—After these proofs, it must be confessed that, despite all his outward and material ease, the inward Beethoven of this period suffered deep affliction. Now his love for Giletta Guicciardi is to enable him to rise superior to all his woes. With regard to the duration and the result of this connection, I entertain precisely the opinion of Thayer: "that Beethoven at last made up his mind to offer the Countess Julia his hand, and that she was not averse to accepting it; that one of her parents was favourable to the match, and that the other, the father, probably, refused to entrust the happiness of his daughter to a man without rank, fortune, or settled appointment, etc." (Thayer, p. 178). I agree equally with the following private communication from the respected Biographer: "As I am now informed, I judge that Beethoven may have had this passion for one or (possibly) two years." It may be assumed with tolerable certainty that his love must have reached its sorrowful end in the year 1802. If we combine the composer's increasing deafness with this unfortunate love-affair, we shall truly no longer be able to doubt that the year 1802 was a year of bitter despair for him. He seemed to have lost everything that could bind him to life. The consequence was, that in the autumn of that year, the most profound and terrible melancholy gained the upper hand over all his thoughts and deeds. All the various atoms of despair conglomerated convulsively within him, and led him to the highly tragic deed which he drew up in October, this year, at Heiligenstadt. We need only allude to this wonderfully magnificent Heiligenstadt testament, which every admirer of the composer has of course read with the deepest emotion. If I have succeeded in clearly describing the period of Beethoven's sufferings, 1800—1802, I have furnished the most evident proof that the passages above cited from the great Love-Letter can scarcely agree with any period better than this. The contents of the letter may, therefore, be very well attributed to the year 1802, for which I am inclined to vote, because, in this instance, the chronological method ought not to decide the question. The utter resignation which breathes through the Heiligenstadt document is the more indicative of the profound impression produced by the love-catastrophe of the summer of that year, as there can be no question of any serious physical illness at the time. Deafness and the loss of the Loved-One must be regarded as the only causes of depression. Thus, the Love-Letter might, from all its characteristics, very well have been written in the summer of 1802. Beethoven's carelessness in material things leaves a wide margin for any alteration of the date.

In the three earlier years—

The 5th July was a...	Saturday	Sunday	Tuesday.
	1806.		1807.		1808.
The 6th July	Sunday	Monday	Wednesday.
The 7th July	Monday	Tuesday	Thursday.

In the three later years—

The 5th July was a...	Friday	Sunday	Monday.
	1811.		1812.		1813.
The 6th July	Saturday	Monday	Tuesday.
The 7th July	Sunday	Tuesday	Wednesday.

Leaving out of consideration other reasons, the years 1808 and 1811 must be excluded, because they would involve an error of two days. There remain the years 1806, 1807, 1812, and 1813, which we may best consider in inverted order.

It is at once evident that the year 1813 is impossible from the date of a letter to Varena: "Baden, the 4th July, 1813," as well as from other circumstances, proving that Beethoven spent the months of June and July this year in Vienna and Baden.

In the same way, the year 1812 must be rejected, provided a letter to Count Brunswick, and dated "4th July, 1812," really belongs to that year. This, to say the least, is so extraordinarily doubtful, that we ought not to be thereby prevented deducing from the contents of the Love-Letter an extremely obvious argument for the inward probability that it was written this summer at Teplitz, where, as we know Beethoven was, on the 19th July of this same year.

Now, there is a letter from the composer to Baumeister, expressing a wish to borrow some music from the Archduke Rudolph's library. It was written on Sunday, the 18th June, 1812. This fact would presuppose that Beethoven, after using the music, went to Prague, stopped there long enough to see Prince Kinsky and receive from him "60 ducats," and then, at an epoch when travellers journeyed slowly with post horses, reached Teplitz—a distance of seventy-five German miles from Vienna—on the morning of Sunday, the 5th July. Granting it possible for a sick man to perform this hurried journey from Vienna—for the day of his arrival in Teplitz is not known—such a journey is incompatible with the purport of the letter of the 6th–7th July. Further considerations might be adduced, but it is unnecessary to mention them here, and the perfect comprehension of them depends to a certain extent upon the regular progress of the narrative: these considerations would lead us to reject the claims of the year 1812.

There remain consequently only the years 1806 and 1807. Up to this point, the question at issue was sufficiently advanced, when the passages referring to it were written in the second volume. If, however, we were to attach too much importance to the improbability of an error in Beethoven's dates (6th and 7th July), it would, it is true, be impossible to decide for the year—the year 1806, namely—which other considerations almost prove to be the correct one.

The correction of the date, from 14th May, 1806, into 1807, in a letter to Brunswick, in which Beethoven proposes to his friend to visit him in Pesth, increases the difficulty, because it is known that on the 22nd July, and also some time previously, Beethoven was in Baden, and there is nothing to refute decisively the extremely unsatisfactory assumption that he really made the proposed journey, and then returned directly from Hungary to Baden, where he wrote the letter.

If, however, it were possible to fix with certainty the date of a correspondence with Simrock, concerning the purchase of certain works, it would hardly be doubtful that we should thereby obtain a satisfactory solution of the problem. If this correspondence belonged to the year 1806, it would then, indeed, be apparently impossible to avoid the "unsatisfactory assumption" in question.

The principal of the celebrated firm of Simrock, who died a few years ago, told the author many years since that the letters addressed to his father by Beethoven had been stolen; there remained, therefore, only the possibility that the old business books of the firm might furnish the desired information. It was not till July, 1871, too late to turn any new discovery to account in the second volume, that the author was able to re-visit Bonn, and beg the present members of the family for permission to search the books in question. His request was granted in the

most friendly and cordial manner, and the extracts printed in the text were forwarded to him shortly afterwards. To his great satisfaction, the most important extract bears the date of the 31st May, 1807; this, and the letter which follows it in the text, furnish a clear proof that, in the year 1807, Beethoven passed the two months of June and July in Baden.

The conclusion is evident and irrefutable: there is an error of a day in Beethoven's date. The letter was written in the summer which he spent partly in Hungary, and partly in Silesia, in the summer of 1806. In all the years from 1800 to 1815, there is not a summer in which the letter could have been written in the first ten days of July, without violating, by such an assumption, facts and probability.*

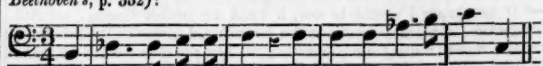
To whom, now, was the letter addressed? All the indications—including even a local tradition—with which the author is acquainted, point in the same direction, or rather centre in one and the same person. But doubt is not so entirely excluded for it to appear justifiable to publish the name of the lady, who might perhaps be subjected—like the unfortunate Countess Guicciardi—to the indignity of becoming a new and favourite subject of ridiculous tales in cheap annuals.

(To be continued.)

ST. PETERSBURG.—Mme. Ilma di Murska is among the vocalists engaged for a month at the Italian Opera.—The Russian Opera has lost two of its best artists, the tenor, Nikolaki, and the bass Wassiljew, the manager having declined to give the terms they asked. *Don Juan* is to be produced, with Mdle. Lewitzki, who excels both as a singer and an actress, in the part of Zerlina. Mme. Abarinow, most favourably known as a member of the Italian company at Moscow and Odessa, will appear as Siebel in *Faust*, and Wana, in Glinka's opera, *Life for the Czar*. She made her debut in *La Perichole*.

PESTH.—A little episode marked the last appearance of Herr Theodor Wachtel, who has been fulfilling a short engagement here. The part was that of Lionel, in Flotow's opera of *Martha*. In the duet of the second act, Herr Wachtel made a mistake, and began with the second verse instead of the first. This, of course, threw the orchestra into a state of confusion worse confounded. Fortunately, Herr Wachtel took the only sensible course open to him: he left off singing, but, at the same time, gave the audience to understand, by an unmistakable shake of the head, that it was the orchestra who was to blame. At the fall of the curtain, however, when the conductor and the leading members of the orchestra had rushed on the stage to demand satisfaction for the unmerited aspersions cast on them, Herr Wachtel changed his tone entirely, and sat humble pie to the very fullest extent. He made a most ample apology, and said that such an accident had never happened to him before, since he had been on the stage. Next day, he broke off his engagement, and left for Vienna.—The female choristers at the Czech National Theatre, lately struck. The cause was an alleged insult offered them by the manager. The ladies considered it incompatible with their "professional honour," for the manager to announce them in the bills as "Sbor zenskyeh" ("Female Chorus"), and not as "Sbor Dam" ("Ladies' Chorus"). This led to an open rupture between the two parties. On the Sunday, the ladies refused to appear, so that other pieces had to be substituted for those in the bills. When the fair "strikers" went to the treasury for their salary, they were informed that, having broken their engagement, they were entitled to nothing. The matter has been carried into a court of law, and meanwhile the complainants have lost their situations at the theatre.

* We see thus that Thayer's eminently sharp syllogism inevitably leads up to the conclusion that Beethoven's date of the letter is incorrect. If, however, we grant that Beethoven made a mistake in his figures, we may also concede that he was wrong in the name of the month itself. May not the months of July and June be easily confounded? If this is true generally, how much more is it so of Beethoven? It sometimes happened that, instead of the years 1808 and 1809, he absolutely wrote 1088 and 1089 (as to Count Oppersdorff, and his brother John, for instance). Why, therefore, should we not suppose him capable of putting an *l* for an *n*? For this reason, it strikes me that the chronological investigation ought to be extended to the month of June. Whether this Gordian love-knot be untied or cut through, however, a verbal-musical piece of consolation from Beethoven himself may prove beneficial to us all. He concludes with it a letter in 1826, to Carl Holz (Nohl): *Briefe Beethoven's*, p. 332):



"Wir ir-ren al-le Sammt, Nur je-der ir-ret an-derst."

HINTS ON MUSICAL WORSHIP.

(From "Dwight's Journal of Music.")

Have we determined in what sense Music may fitly intervene in a true act of worship? What kind and quality of service ought we to expect of this divine Art, to secure its best aid to the religious life?—We simply offer a few hints.

1. Music, whether in the church or out of the church, must be treated with the respect due to it. It must be dealt with as *principal*, and not as mere subordinate and "handmaid" to some other language, or some form or dogma; not as a mere vehicle for sacred words, but as a thing sacred in itself. We want to avail ourselves, in worship, of the religion which is in all real and high music; which is of its very essence; that interior religion, though it may be untaught, unformulated, out of which all great, inspired, enduring music, of whatever form, originally sprang. Words may go with it (sometimes such marriages are made in heaven, sometimes not); but good music has itself a meaning and a mission deep and true, and high as any words. All words are more or less ambiguous, but true music is a direct, transparent medium of the living Word. If it be coupled with words, let them not be doctrinal, sectarian words; let them not be cold, conventional creed statements or professions, nor imposed formulas of ritual, which, even with the sweetest choirs to chant them, have such a fatal tendency to mere lip service—lifeless routine. But let them be such words—sweet, simple poems gushing from the heart's pure springs—as lend themselves most unobtrusively and sympathetically, as by a foreordaining fate or kindred genius, to some true melody, conspiring with it to give expression to the emotions of a soul that yearns for God, for perfect life and love. There should not, therefore, be too many words. Those little snatches of word song which refresh us so in Shakespeare, and in Goethe, have proved the fittest of all poetry for music. It should be so with hymns and anthems.

Are our musical means limited to the simplest, to hymn-tunes and chorales of the people? Then it is better that each tune remain coupled with its own hymn, as if they had grown up together, and could not safely be dissociated,—as has been very much the practice with the German chorals,—rather than it be used as a vehicle to wash down indefinite scores of stanzas of the given metre, or sugar-coat whatever pills may match in calibre. A moderate number, even a few genuine tunes, with the divine spark in them, (and none the worse for age), indissolubly wedded to a like few spontaneous, short, sweet poems, may answer the real needs of worship better than the thousands of new psalm tunes manufactured every year to sell. Is greater variety needed? Seek it in higher forms of art; in those wondrous transformations or developments which the divine alchemy of harmony and counterpoint, as understood by Bach and Handel, or by Mendelssohn, can bring forth from the pregnant germs of the plain choral.

2. Let it be considered that mere melody, in unison, is but a flickering, faint foregleam of complete music in full harmony; just as the pretty warblings of the birds are only vague foreshadowings and prophecies of real human music. Mere melody is personal and human; harmony is divine. All tunes, as such, grow commonplace and stale by frequent repetition,—inevitably sinking into sing-song; but by the divine power of Art, developing what is implied in them, harmonizing them, "setting" them in polyphonic parts, they are rescued from decay and clothed with a perennial freshness. Because in nature every vibrating column of air begets shorter vibrations of each subdivision of itself; every tone carries in itself a little faintly-heard aerial choir of harmonies, or accompanying overtones; and Art has learned to make this secret palpable to common hearing by weaving voice-parts into a web of harmony. The organ-builder puts these overtones into his mixed or compound stops; and now it has been discovered that the power and brilliancy and rich tone-colour of the individual human voices depends upon the presence of these overtones blended with the principal tone. A perfectly harmonized choral, like those by Bach, is almost a miracle of art and beauty. Unison, in great masses, sometimes seems to imply and suggest harmony. Unison of voices, with accompanying harmony of instruments, is next best to no harmony at all. Alternate unison and harmony—the congregation singing one verse of the hymn in unison with organ accompaniment, and a trained choir, unaccompanied, taking up the next verse in harmony—suggests; as we have heard it in Berlin, celestial choirs echoing our coarser human strains transfigured.

3. The music of worship should be free from all distracting, alien, frivolous associations. Old sentimental songs or ballads made into psalm-tunes, opera choruses turned into anthems, snatches from Verdi and Donizetti used for organ voluntaries, so common now-a-days in Italy, are, above all, to be avoided. Better silence than such mockery of music.

4. The more one deepens in his musical experience and feeling, the more he loves the music that is impersonal. "Pure music" (i.e. music without words) gains new charm and influence over him the

more he penetrates into the sphere of tone. Hence instrumental music of a high character—which is sometimes more available than satisfactory singing—is eminently in place in our ideal temple. The wholesome, profound, infinitely suggestive organ compositions of Sebastian Bach, the sublime orchestral symphonies of Beethoven:—why shall not these exert that inspiration in the holy place, which they so often do in concert rooms? How can our souls be stirred so deeply, as they often have been by the *Andante* of the fifth symphony, by the "Funeral March" in the *Eroica*, or the heavenly *Adagio* in the ninth, and not be, for the time being at least, religious, feeling nearer God, and nearer to all pure and noble souls? It is only asked that music should begin to be that quickening spirit in the church that she so often is, even amid incongruous surroundings, elsewhere. They that know the experience of being completely transported, raised above all fear, all meaner thoughts of earth and self, under a Beethoven symphony, can well believe that music has but very feebly yet fulfilled its mission as an element in public worship.

5. Again, *quality* before *quantity*. Good music, even the best and purest, and most potent, may be had on a small scale. True Art is modest, is not ambitious to do things it may boast of, as much as to achieve something perfect in its kind however small. All vain musical display and sounding advertisement, all *bravura* and mere music of effect, is false in Art, and ministers to no religious feeling. And do not think vast numbers, monster proportions, a "bigger chorus than the world ever saw," essential, or even favourable, to true sublimity or grandeur. The whole world cannot be got together under one roof made with hands; compared with all mankind (who ought to be singing, or sung to, together, to carry out the theory of these gigantic efforts), the difference between "twenty thousand singers" and only a few hundred is inconsiderable; whereas, a Handel "Hallelujah," or a Bach *Chorale*, or a "Rain" chorus in *Elijah*, can impart all its meaning, all its inspiration, through a choir of half a thousand voices, with good orchestra and organ, in a good-sized music hall, or a cathedral. The miracle resides, after all, in the composition itself, and not in any magnifying glass of countless armies of executants. A pigmy seen through such a lens, of however high a power, will still look like a pigmy; whereas an artist of real genius will paint you a giant who will be a giant even on the smallest canvass. Let not our All Souls' temple, therefore, be a vain, glorious "Coliseum!" But could some reasonable, unambitious, sincerely religious, sincerely musical, artistic temple rear itself in the midst of every free, intelligent community, then, indeed would all the people, all the nations be practically celebrating a Festival of Peace and Goodwill.

6. But finally, and above all, if we would have true and quickening religious music, we must believe in Art. Art is that form of human energy which most resembles the Divine. The true artist is a creator also in his feeble way. Art, if it be true, is always earnest, always seeks perfection; it aspires for ever; and therein is it religious. To think of having true religious music by shutting Art out, in the idle interest of what we call "simple," "unsophisticated," "popular," is the sure way to run into all sorts of affectation and of shallow sentimentalism. Music has not done its great work in the churches, because great music has not been believed in. Can real vital piety afford such mean economy?

For Music.*

What is't in an ivory skin,
That our silly hearts should win;
In pouting lips, and pitying eyes,
A gentle voice, as soft as sighs,
That men, so mad, should go,
And stupidity should show?

This is the cruel trick you've played,
You, in your loveliness arrayed,
So that my senses have gone quite,
All but one, tormenting sight,
Which makes me worse,
And proves my curse,
So that I hate the light.

My brain is lost in thy round head,
Thy fragile form is my homestead,
I shall ne'er again be free;
You so weak, and I so strong!
It's not for liberty I long,
But thy sweet slavery.

A. M.

* These words are copyright.

DULL BERLIN.

(Extract from a Letter.)

The Royal theatres offer the public no inducements to frequent them; whereas, while the Court is in town, the *intendants* strains every nerve to provide the august patrons of opera, ballet, and drama with something like decent entertainment; for the Hohenzollerns are assiduous theatre-goers, and yearn to be amused, too often in vain—a lot common to all those born in the purple. One of the family, indeed, carries his love of the stage so far as to have adopted the profession of dramatic writer, in preference to that of military hero; and he has undergone, with remarkable stoicism, a long course of disfavour at the hands of his illustrious relatives, by reason of these melancholy proclivities. However, the Royal family patronise and encourage the Thespian art to the best of their ability; and M. de Plütsen spares no pains to gratify the occupants of the State boxes. While these latter remain empty, the general public has a bad time of it. At present, for instance, the performances at the Opera House (always excepting the orchestral accompaniments, which are thoroughly true and conscientious, though devoid of feeling and finish) are beneath criticism; whilst those given at the Schauspielhaus, where the works of Shakespeare, Schiller, Lessing, and other classical plays are the mainstays of the repertoire, give rise daily to the most furious onslaughts and scathing condemnations on the part of the local "Recensenten," who, in the exercise of their judicial functions, do not mince matters by any means, and utterly decline to call a spade an "agricultural implement." In this respect they are worthy of imitation; also, their critiques are written with vigour and impartiality; also, the said critiques teem with erudition, with technical knowledge, with precedents and traditions; but, unfortunately, nobody pays any attention to them—I mean, nobody, in the two theatres particularly alluded to, connected with the catering for the entertainment of the public; and that public itself is not deterred from frequenting the theatres in question by the censures and warnings of the critics. As a rule, it does not read newspapers; and, when it does, it does not believe in their statements. North German, and more especially Berline, distrust everybody; they have no faculty of faith; it is not in their nature to believe; they must see for themselves. The press here does its work conscientiously enough, according to its lights; but it might as well not exist, for all the influence it exerts upon public opinion. It is altogether devoid of enterprise—simply because its readers make no demand whatsoever upon it for that article. It publishes reports of local occurrences and matters of interest three or four weeks after their coming off; and its *abonnés* are perfectly content to read them after the expiration of that interval—as content as they would be if the reports never appeared at all. None of the leading Berlin journals use the wire at all for special intelligence; and it must be admitted that, from a commercial point of view, they would be foolish to do so, inasmuch as their extra outlay in telegrams would not gain them a dozen more subscribers or a single additional advertisement. Moreover, their regular customers would place no credence in the intelligence thus expensively provided; why, then, should newspaper proprietors sacrifice the best fraction of their profits in order to obtain fresh news, stale being quite as palatable? With that which lies easy to hand, and costs little or nothing, they deal in the exhaustive method. It is not long ago since a popular evening paper terminated its series of critical articles respecting the designs for new Parliament Houses, exhibited at the Academy early in the spring, and submitted to the judgment of a committee more than four months since. The organ of the Liberal party has been delivering itself upon the subject of French literature in the eighteenth century all the summer and autumn. Musical and artistic critiques, published in the columns of daily papers here, are learned essays interspersed with crushing personalities. They suggest to one's mind the idea of a heavy, thickly-budded birch rod, wielded by a Person or a Max Müller. There are no police or law reports worth mentioning. A great fire, a harrowing murder, a suicide, or an accident, however grave, commands four or five lines of cold, skeletonian record; a great *cause célèbre* sometimes (though rarely) obtains three-quarters of a short column in small type. I know no journal that gives its readers more than one "leader." With that the paper opens. It is followed by three or four paragraphs regarding things Prussian; then, under the heading "Deutschland," come three or four paragraphs more, concerning affairs in Munich, Stuttgart, Karlsruhe, &c.; then the "Foreign Intelligence," from a week to a fortnight old, according to the farness-off of the respective countries referred to; then "Lokal-Nachrichten," falling sadly short of their title; and then Wolff's telegrams, followed by a "Money Market" which is frequently longer, and always more carefully edited, than the "news" portion of the paper. I have given you a fair and honest *résumé* of the contents of a Berlin daily political periodical; music, art, literature, science, adventure, are brought in and ponderously handled under the comprehensive word "Feuilleton"—a department of foreign journalism which, in the

really serious and earnest journals here, is not devoted to romance of the *Family Herald* class, and which forms, with the exception of the leaders (sometimes written with amazing ability), the only readable portion of the paper.

You may imagine to what a soul-subduing extent these never very lively publications have participated in the prevalent dullness from which we all, foreigners and even natives, are suffering just now. There is nothing to see, nothing to hear, nothing to do in Berlin this weary October; and no immediate prospect that our *tedium vite* will suffer any appreciable modification. Our only hope lies in Prince Bismarck. Unless his Highness vouchsafe to electrify us all into vitality and movement by some sensational utterance—alas! he is at Varzin, shut in from the gaze of an eagerly-observant world—or some tremendous political deed, we shall soon, "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," subside into an incurable state of mouldering, melancholy misanthropy.

NOTES UPON NOTES.

(Continued from page 635.)

The great Bach speaks of players, whose playing sounds as if their fingers were all thumbs. Are there not a few of their descendants on this day, covering notes in chords without sounding them; never aiming at position, or trying, when playing, to carry a glass of water on the hand without spilling it? Believing that the soul of music is in the foot or the pedal—the intoxicating medium, the inebriety of the pianoforte—forgetting even the name of the instrument, *pianoforte*—attending to *unfortunate accidental accidentals*—steeply-chasing over the instrument, and leaping over bars—showing that although "time waits for no man," these players will not wait for time. They have a hammer-and-tongs style of pommelling out the tone of the instrument, or tinkling on the pianoforte with *nails*—their fingers appearing to be in patters—or turning up their fingers as though you could see the whites of their eyes. Unfortunate composers (by mistake)—perhaps trying to make up a quarrel with Old Time, and wishing that "there was a good time coming"—then they *pump* at their passages, and almost knock you down with their accents. Certainly (as the cobbler said), "it is never too late to mend." Then come in the very mysterious fortes and pianos, when it might be necessary for the player to say, now I am playing *piano*, now I am playing *forte*; then making a *discovery* of lost practice—if there was any practice at all. Trying to "battle with the rattle;" and having been informed that playing is a mental occupation, takes to the trover-tory style with a melancholy termination. Then the tum-tum of the chords, without any spring of touch, floundering about on the keys—all legs and wings ("Fly not yet")—so attentive to fingering, as to take double sharps for thumbs, yet never star-gazing so as to know when to take up the pedal, but let their hands reel through a disturbed performance of "Off in the still night"—(*Fantasia*).

(To be continued.)

W. H. HOLMES.

MR. CHARLES E. HORSLEY IN AMERICA.

(From the "Evening Journal.")

A meeting of the committee of the Harmonic Society, of this city, was held at the music store of Fred. A. Mollenhauer. The object of the meeting was to receive a distinguished English musician, a pupil of Mendelssohn, Spohr, Hauptmann, Thalberg, &c., Mr. Charles Edward Horsley, who has recently arrived in America, and is the composer of many large works well known in Europe. Mr. Horsley, during his visit, played to the committee a new composition, entitled "A Wedding Cantata," and it was unanimously decided that this work should be performed during the ensuing season at the Society's series of concerts. Mr. Anthony Reitt, Jun., the newly appointed Conductor of the Society, introduced his friend, Mr. Horsley, to the meeting. We understand that the *cantata* will be immediately published by Mr. Mollenhauer, and have no doubt that its many beauties will greatly add to the fame of its composer, and will be highly welcomed and appreciated by the numerous audience invariably present at the performances of our excellent society.

BAYREUTH.—The erection of the National-Festival-Stage-Play-Theatre does not seem to progress very rapidly. All that has yet been done is to dig a large hole, some sixty German feet deep, for the "sinks," as they are technically termed.—Herr R. Wagner has returned.

MR. BISHENDEN'S RAILWAY ADVENTURE.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

MR. EDITOR,—Last week you printed a letter of mine, headed "A Railway Adventure," but you left out the latter half of my letter, and wrote some remarks of your own upon the subject. Now, I am sure you are willing to give me fair play, and allow me to remove some unpleasant impressions which have been made upon the public mind, by your having left out a portion of my letter. I therefore ask you to insert the remainder of my letter, which fully explains the first part. In the course of your remarks, concerning my adventure, you are pleased to say that I must have been reading the tale of a "Terrible Night" in an old number of *All the Year Round*. Now, I was not aware that such a tale had ever been written, therefore, I could not have copied it; and it was too much of a reality with me to have been the subject of a dream. I certainly should not think of reading old numbers of a paper, as I cannot even find time from my many engagements to read new ones.—I am, Mr. Editor, your obedient servant,

12, Mortimer St., Cavendish Square, W.
October 14, 1872.

C. J. BISHENDEN.

[Continuation of Letter.]

"Now, Sir, during the run from Peterborough to London, the train only stopped once—viz., at Holloway—and I was travelling in the middle of the night, with a distance of about eighty miles to run without stopping, and bound to sit opposite to a madman; for such he undoubtedly was, with my life in his hands, and no means of getting help, whereas, if the cord of communication had been properly adjusted, I might have stopped the train, and ended my adventure. The above, no doubt, reads like romance, but it was reality with me, and I may say very much reality. This is a very exceptional case, and might never happen again, but still that does not excuse the negligence of not properly fixing the cord. Between this date and Christmas I shall have to make many long journeys, and very often to travel by night mail, when the nights are long; it will be admitted that this is not a very pleasant prospect for me to know that, in a case of emergency, I shall be unable to get assistance. That the cord can be of use was proved by me a few days ago when travelling from Hull to Leeds by the North Yorkshire Railway. As a professional singer, and one who, like my brother and sister artists, have to travel a great deal, I write, protesting against this railway negligence as much on their behalf as my own, and sincerely trust that this letter will be the means of drawing the attention of the railway authorities to the fact that the cord of communication should be seen to be in working order before the train starts on its journey."

[We have cheerfully complied with Mr. Bishenden's request, but cannot see how the latter part of his letter "fully explains" the first. The gist of it appears to be that he is laudably anxious about the means of ending possible adventures by stopping the train. This we do not wonder at, as Mr. Bishenden seems pursued by adventures. "A few days ago" he stopped the train between Hull and Leeds; and now he would have stopped the train between Peterborough and London. Really he is an uncomfortable traveller. May we suggest that he should journey, like some other distinguished people, incognito. The Peterboro' assailant's exclamation—"Bishenden—that name!" suggests an obvious precaution.—Ed.]

GENEVA.—The Grand Council have voted 400,000 francs for the erection of a new Theatre. The State makes a present of the ground, and the town provides the remaining capital wanted—namely, 800,000 francs. The theatre is to hold 1,300 persons.

BADEN.—Madame Monbelli appeared at a recent concert. She sang four pieces in various styles. She took part with Mdlle. Schmidt in the duet: "Quis est Homo?" from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, and with Signor Zucchini in the comic duet from *Don Pasquale*; She gave alone the air from Halévy's *Mousquetaires de la Reine*, and Hummel's grand "Concert Variations." She was greatly applauded, especially in the last two pieces. Besides taking part in the first duet, Mdlle. Schmidt sang a romance from Vaccai's *Romeo e Giulietta*, in which she produced a highly favourable impression. Signor Zucchini's solo was the comic air from Fioravanti's *Columella*. It afforded so much satisfaction as to be rewarded by an enthusiastic encore. Professor Cossmann gave Schubert's "Litanies," and a "Romance" and "Tarentella" of his own, Herr Hans von Bulow accompanying. Herr Hugo Heermann played the "Ballad and Polonaise" by Vieuxtemps. The seventh member of the artistic band was Mr. Aptommas, who astounded his audience, as usual, by his marvellous execution.—On the 2nd inst., Herr Johann Strauss gave a concert in the Kurhaus, at the express desire of the Emperor of Germany. The two pieces most applauded were a Polonaise, entitled "Kaiser Wilhelm," by the concert-giver, and the "Marche des Impériaux," by Herr Hans von Bulow. At the conclusion of the entertainment, the Emperor went up to Herr Strauss, and conversed some time with him in the most friendly manner.

A CARD FROM MR. CHARLES MATHEWS.

SIR.—Will you oblige me by giving publicity to the following note, which explains itself?—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
Gaiety Theatre, Oct. 15.
C. J. MATHEWS.

"Mr. Charles Mathews presents his compliments to the whole human race, and begs to state that, much as he loves his fellow-creatures, he finds it impossible to provide for the necessities of even the small population of London alone. The enormous number of applications for assistance he daily receives, chiefly from total strangers, makes it necessary for him to apologise for not entirely supporting the applicants and their families; and it is with shame he is obliged to confess himself unable to accomplish so desirable an object. He has had quite enough to do to fight through his own difficulties, and has been and is still labouring at a time of life when many men would be glad to be sitting quietly by their firesides, in the hope of acquiring a small independence for his old age, which endeavour would be completely frustrated were he to devote all his hard earned savings to the necessities of others. He hereby declares, upon his oath, that though he has lately travelled thousands of miles, and met with all the success he could wish, and is at the present moment basking in the sunshine of public favour, he is not a millionaire; and though warmly attached to his species in the plural, he has at last learnt to value it in the singular—his specie having become equally dear to him. It is not that he 'loves Caesar less, but that he loves Rome more.' He admits the force of the old quotation, 'Haud ignara mali miseria succurrere disco,' but he offers this new translation 'Having so long suffered distress of his own, he has learnt—though rather late—to feel for the necessities of the one who is most in want of assistance—namely, himself!'"

—0—
ORGAN RECITAL.

Mr. W. S. Hoyte gave a recital on the new organ for Christ's Church, Adelaide, at the new factory of the builder, Mr. August Gern, Boundary Road, Royal Crescent, Notting Hill, on Wednesday, September 25th, at 3 p.m., and played the following pieces in a way that showed all the beauties of this fine instrument to great advantage:—

PART I.—Sonata, No. 2, Mendelssohn; Andante con Moto, Guilman; Air in A major, with variations and Finale Fugata, Smart; Adagio Cantabile from Septuor in E flat, Beethoven; Toccata and Fugue in D minor, Bach.

PART II.—Grand Chorus in D major, Guilman; Larghetto in E flat, Batiste; Concert Variation on a Russian National air, Freyer; Scherzo, Mendelssohn; Toccata in A flat, Hesse.

The following particulars of Mr. Gern's organ will no doubt interest our readers:—

GREAT ORGAN.—CC TO A, 56 NOTES.

	FT. PIPES.		FT. PIPES.
Open diapason (metal) ...	8 ... 56	*Dulciana (metal)	8 ... 44
Stopped diapason (metal) ...	8 ... 56	*Quinte (metal)	2 3/4 ... 56
Principal (metal)	4 ... 56	Marked thus * are spare slides.	
Fifteenth (metal)	2 ... 56		

SWELL ORGAN TO CC A, 56 NOTES.

Flute harmonique (metal) ...	8 ... 56	Octavin (metal)	2 ... 56
Viola di gamba (metal) ...	8 ... 56	*Lieblich gedackt (wood) ...	8 ... 56
Voix celeste (metal)	8 ... 44	Trompette (metal)	8 ... 56
Flute octaviente (metal) ...	4 ... 56	Marked thus * is a spare slide.	

PEDAL ORGAN CCC TO E, 29 NOTES.

Soubass (wood)	16 ... 29	Violoncelle (wood)	8 ... 29
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COMBINATION PEDALS.

Swell to Great.	Tremblant.
Great to Pedals.	Expression Pedal.
Swell to Pedals.	

MUNICH.—The Intendant of the Opera is still on the look out for a fair dramatic singer, but, notwithstanding all his efforts, he is unable to find anyone to sustain such parts as Rezia, Fidelio, Donna Anna, Valentine, &c. *Prime donne* from various leading theatres have appeared at different times, but the public have not been satisfied with any of them. Voice, execution, youth, a prepossessing appearance, and passion, are qualities not easy to meet with in one and the same person. Until the management have found the lady they want, Madame Vogel will play the line of business left vacant by the departure of Madame Mallinger. Mdlle. Radecke from Riga, who has lately appeared as Gretchen, Valentine, and Madeleine (in *Le Postillon de Longjumeau*), is to be engaged next year; until then she is bound by her present contract to remain where she is.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.

FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1872-3.

DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

The Director begs to announce that the FIFTEENTH SEASON of the MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, commences on Monday Evening, November 11, and that the performances will take place as follows, viz.:—Monday, November 11; Monday, November 18; Monday, November 25; Monday, December 2; Monday, December 9; Monday, December 16, 1872; Monday, January 13; Monday, January 20; Monday, January 27; Monday, February 3; Monday, February 10; Monday, February 17; Monday, February 24; Monday, March 3; Monday, March 10; Monday, March 17, 1873. Seven Morning Performances will be given on Saturdays, January 25; February 1, 8, 15, 22; March 1 and 8, 1873.

For the accommodation of those who may desire to occupy the same seats at every performance, the Director will continue to issue subscription tickets, at £5 transferable, entitling holders to special seats, selected by themselves, for the whole series of twenty-three concerts, viz.:—16 Monday Evenings, and 7 Saturday Afternoons. Subscription tickets are also issued for the 16 Evening Concerts, at £3 10s.; and for the 7 Morning Concerts, taking place on Saturdays, January 25, February 1, 8, 15, 22, March 1 and 8, at £1 10s.

FIVE EXTRA MORNING PERFORMANCES

(Not included in the Subscription) will be given before Christmas,

On Saturdays, November 16, 23, 30, December 7 and 14.

Madame ARABELLA GODDARD is engaged as pianist on Mondays, November 11 and 25, and on Saturday, November 23. Mr. CHARLES HALL will appear on Mondays, November 18, December 2 and 16, and on Saturdays, November 16, 30, and December 14. Madame NORMAN-NERUDA will be the violinist on Mondays, November 11, 18, and 25; also on Saturdays, November 16, 23, and 30. Signor PIATTI will hold the post of first violoncello on all occasions. Herr L. RIES that of second violin. Herr STRAUS, or Mr. ZERBINI, will play viola. Sir JULIUS BENEDICT and Mr. ZERBINI, as heretofore, officiating as conductors. Mr. SIMS REEVE is engaged on Saturday Afternoons, December 1 and 14; and Mr. SUTLEY will appear on Monday Evening, December 16. Madame SCHWANN, Miss AGNES ZIMMERMANN, Herr FAUER, Herr DANKREUTHER, MRS. DELABORDE, Mr. FRANKLIN TAYLOR, M. SAINTOS, and Herr JOACHIM will appear after Christmas.

THE FIRST CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 11, 1872.

To Commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET in C major, Op. 3, No. 3, for two violins, viola, and

violoncello. Haydn.
SONG, "Pieta Signore"—Signor FREDERICI Stradella.
SONATA in C minor, Op. 111, for pianoforte alone Beethoven.

PART II.

SONATA in D major, Op. 53, for pianoforte and violoncello Mendelssohn.

SONG, "Lullaby"—Signor FREDERICI Beethoven.

TRIO in G major, Op. 1, No. 2, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello Beethoven.

Executants—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, Madame NORMAN-NERUDA; MM. L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI. Vocalist, Signor FREDERICI.

CONDUCTOR Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

Stalls, 6s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be obtained of Chappell & Co., 20, New Bond Street; and at Austin's, 25, Piccadilly.

The First Saturday Popular Concert takes place on Saturday Afternoon, Nov. 16.

CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERTS.

THIRD SATURDAY CONCERT—THIS DAY—OCTOBER 19th, 1872.

Programme.

1. OVERTURE, "Ali Baba" Cherubini.
2. CONCERT ARIA, "Non temer amato bene"—Madame SINICO Mozart.
Violin Obligato—Mr. WATSON.
3. CONCERTO, ORGAN AND ORCHESTRA (first time) Prout.
Organ—Dr. STAINER.
4. SONG—Mr. J. W. TURNER
5. ARIA, "Se' liver, se' liver" (Fidelio)—Madame SINICO Beethoven.
6. SYMPHONY, No. 2 (D major) Beethoven.
7. ARIA, "Saper vorreste" (Un Ballo in Maschera)—Madame SINICO Verdi.
8. OVERTURE, "Ray Blas" Mendelssohn.

CONDUCTOR Ms. MANN.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1872.

IN the days when that venerable member of the weekly metropolitan press, *John Bull*, was a power in the State; when railway collisions were unknown—but only because there were as yet no railway directors to neglect their duties, and endanger the lives of passengers; when the continent of Australia was regarded by the statesmen of the period not as the seat of a new and great empire, but merely as a conveniently out-of-the-way place, a sort of social dusthole, in which to pitch all our penal refuse; when cockney visitors went to Margate in a hoy, and occasionally took three or four days to accomplish the journey; and when "Fum the Fourth, our Royal Bird," as Byron designates him, was considered the first gentleman in Europe—

By the bye, when persons wonder at poor ignorant savages worshipping hideous idols, and inform their hearers that it is utterly incomprehensible how Johanna Southcote could ever become the head of a sect, or Mormon doctrines delude a single wretched dupe to Salt Lake, we reply that human superstition and credulity are, like the Irishman's cable, endless, the end having been cut off, and, if we would clench our assertion by an irrefutable proof, we point triumphantly to the implicit belief of our forefathers in George IV. If that portly personage could be regarded with reverence, we ought never to be surprised at people worshipping any thing. But this paragraph is entirely parenthetical.

To resume. When, as we before observed, Fum the Fourth was considered the first gentleman in Europe, Theodore Hook brought out a play at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket. Perhaps the audience were over fastidious on the occasion, or perhaps the play was bad; at all events, there was no want of exceedingly vehement sibilations at the fall of the curtain. The next day, some good-natured friend, meeting Hook, could find no more pleasant topic on which to descant than the disaster of the night before. When will good-natured friends learn to hold their tongues on certain subjects; when will they feel that, if a man is suffering from a wound, they do not improve it by poking it about with their remarks? "I am sorry about last night," began the particular good-natured friend in question.—"Why?" enquired Hook.—"Why?" repeated his companion, with some surprise, "Why? Why, because your piece was a failure. Lor! how the audience did hiss, to be sure!"—"Failure!" replied Hook; "hiss! pooh, pooh; you are wrong; the piece is no failure; *laudatur ab his*."

Just as Hook extracted praise from the geeselike demonstration of his audience, reversing the process by which chemists obtain the most deadly poison, namely, prussic acid, from peach kernels, so do we find, in a letter signed "A City Gentleman," and inserted in last week's number of the *Musical World*, a proper appreciation of some remarks embodied in an article we wrote a short time ago. It is true that the writer employs a sarcastic style, and, in his anxiety to sustain well the character of a City Gentleman which he has assumed, is even ungrammatical, but his playful *badinage* no more disguises the compliment he intends to pay us, than the light drapery sculptured on an ancient Greek statue conceals the swelling forms beneath.

In the article, to which our secret admirer, then, a City Gentleman, refers, we deprecated the practice, indulged in by certain occupants of private boxes and stalls, at the

Opera and other places of amusement, of talking aloud and laughing, to the great discomfort of the general public. But there is, to use a Richard-Wagnerian term, another "stand-point" than that of the general public, from which to view the subject; indeed there are several other such standpoints. Taking up our position on one, to begin with, and glancing contemptively on the question that spreads around us, our thoughts assume the following shape.

Suppose that, instead of giving your box some evening to such a person as our facetious correspondent, a City Gentleman, led away by the playful sarcasm of his disposition, represents himself to be, you simply—in every acceptation of the word—offer him a seat in your box for himself, and perhaps another for his wife, sister, cousin, or other female relative. What is the result? It is not a pleasant one, as you will not fail to discover. When we say: "You will not," &c., by the pronoun, "You," we would imply that we are addressing ourselves to some opera-goer really fond of music, as we and the majority of our readers are. Having promised this much, we will proceed. You and your guests enter the box, and take your seats. There is still a quarter of an hour before the commencement of the overture. That period you fill up by chatting affably with the City Gentleman, and the City Lady who accompanies him. Sir Michael makes his appearance; duly installs himself; casts a peculiar look on each side to see if the members of his band are all ready; raises his *bâton*, and gives the signal to commence. Of course, you are listening in wrapt attention. Suddenly, the City Gentleman bends forward—while the City Lady, if his wife, is looking the other way, though—and whispers confidentially in your ear: "That's a deuced fine girl, there, on the pit-tier, old fellow!" You nod your head in a significant sort of manner, as much as to say: "Ah! that she certainly is; I agree with you entirely on that score!" But you make no oral reply, and turn your face towards the stage. Your friend appears to fancy you are rather obliged to him than otherwise for directing your attention to the object of his admiration, and says, in a cheery voice: "Lend me your glass." You lend him your glass without a word; you know instinctively that all his faculties are absorbed in looking through it at the "deuced fine girl," and that he is thinking no more of Sir Michael Costa, the band, or the music they are performing, than Dando, the celebrated oyster-eater of days gone by, thought of paying for the bivalves he consumed. The curtain goes up. For a time, your two friends are absorbed in admiring the scenery, and dresses; the picturesque groupings, the acting, and the *mise-en-scène* generally. Directly, however, their curiosity is satisfied, their eyes begin to wander about the house. In the middle of an air magnificently sung by the *prima donna*, the City Lady observes: "I suppose her diamonds are real?" You smile, and nod—"They must be worth a great deal!" You smile and nod again—"How much do you think they are worth?" adds your fair questioner. You smile for the third time, but you do not nod. You elevate your eyebrows and shrug your shoulders. "Well—but should you say ten thousand pounds?" You are compelled to speak. You answer: "Why—ye—es! I should say so."—"Ah! they are worth at least that," observes the lady. You thank Heaven that point is settled; but there are plenty of others on which your opinion is solicited. At length you observe in what you consider a most persuasive manner: "Oh, do let us listen to this piece; it is one of the finest in the whole opera." The lady apparently takes the hint, for she turns away with what strikes you as a rather offended air, and speaks no more. You fondly

imagine you have politely settled the matter. In the midst of a magnificent drinking-chorus, the City Gentleman says: "Is that real wine they are drinking?" and then, with a wonderful want of connection in the sequence of his interrogatories, adds: "I say, does Costa still live at Fulham?" You answer you really do not know, and were not aware that Sir Michael ever had resided in that locality. "Did not he?" rejoins your friend. "Are you certain? No, to be sure not: it was not Costa; it's Sidney Bancroft and his wife! They live at Fulham."

But why multiply examples? In this fashion are you worried the whole evening, until the climax is reached in the very finest part of *Don Juan*, or *Fidelio*, or *Il Flauto Magico*, or *Les Huguenots*, by your friend's enquiring, in a confidential tone, whether you really, in your heart of hearts, like this kind of thing, and whether you do not vastly prefer—as he does—*Box and Cox*?

We have heard a great deal about the right man in the right place; a City Gentleman, such as we have described, and in a private box with you at the Opera, is the wrong man in the wrong box. L. T.

ENGLISH AND FOREIGN ARTISTS.

THE punctiliously judicial *Sunday Times* is angry with some observations, elicited from time to time by the recent controversy which English and Foreign orchestral players have been waging in its columns. We are sorry to irritate so excellent and thriving a contemporary, but are unable to modify in any way the opinions which this controversy has drawn from us. Nevertheless, we publish the protest levelled at us with a certain degree of haughtiness:—

"With reference to the discussion, in these columns, of the grievances endured by English musicians, our highly-esteemed contemporary, the *Musical World*, takes us to task. He says, first, that the controversy was out of place in a journal not exclusively musical. Here we have a very nice question—viz., how far may a paper, partially devoted to a given subject, discuss that subject without trenching upon the rights of another paper wholly so devoted? We do not pretend to answer the question. It is one for a congress of journalists. Meanwhile let us say that while the members of the musical profession think proper to choose our columns as a medium for interchange of ideas on matters affecting their interests, we shall be far too proud of the honour to shrink from transgressing a nebulous law of etiquette. Our able contemporary goes on to ridicule the discussion itself, to express contempt for the letters of those who took part in it, and to wonder why we did not stop the controversy earlier. On all these points the *Musical World* is entitled to an opinion. So are we. Our respective opinions do not coincide. *Voilà tout*. The wonder remains, however, that our contemporary reprinted most of the letters, while scathing them with its usually effective ridicule. Yet this is no wonder after all. In August and September most editors are conscious of "an abstract reverence for copy."

See to what we are brought by the "string," "wind," and "percussion" of our orchestras! In our next we intend to produce the remaining letters of the controversy (already closed by the *Sunday Times*), and add to this gratuitous reprint a few observations, to which we beg, in advance, to solicit the attention of our punctiliously judicial contemporary.

STOCKHOLM.—M. Siegfried Salomon, a Danish composer, has completed a new opera, *The Fugitive of Estrella*, which will most probably be produced at the Theatre Royal.

At a negro ball, in lieu of "Not transferable" on the tickets, a notice was posted over the door, "No gentlemen admitted unless he comes himself."

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE attempt recently made to prove that Tell was a Scotchman, reminds us of a story of a true Scot, bragging in a London tavern of the great men Scotland had produced, until interrupted by an Englishman, who sneeringly remarked that, he supposed "Sandy would claim Shakespeare as a Scotchman." "I'll no do that," said Sandy solemnly, "but this I will say, Shakespeare had plenty of brains to be a Scotchman." The attempt to prove Tell a Scotchman is rather tantalising, after learned antiquarians had finally settled that that historical personage was a myth, and the shooting of the apple off his son's head a fiction, but we do find a Scotchwoman endeavouring to prove that the hero did exist, that his name was not Tell, but M'Leod, that he came from Braemar, and that the real Gesler was no other than the redoubted Malcolm Canmore.

THERE is merit in the new play entitled *Miss Chester*, now acted at the Holborn Theatre, and the show of success immediately consequent upon its production proves to have been more than the mere formality of a first night. It is the work of Miss Florence Marryat and Sir Charles L. Young, and the one of them who has had the greater share in giving the story its true dramatic form is decidedly a proficient in the art of bringing about strong situations. The progress of the entire plot is not always clearly marked out, nor is their anything especially distinctive in the characters. Care, however, is taken that the drop scene shall always descend on a striking dramatic effect, not a mere picture, and to this end the business of each act, considered by itself, is skilfully manipulated. We may add that the sentiments by which the personages are moved are of a kind to appeal to universal sympathies, and are uttered in forcible language. For the delineation of character by the actors the play affords no scope, but the company generally may be commended for the efficient manner in which they work out the situations of the story, especial praise being due to Mrs. Herman Vezin for the picturesque significance which she gives to *Miss Chester*, a part which, intrusted to an inferior artist, would perhaps be the weakest in the piece, but which now towers above the rest.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times*, who gives an interesting description of the late King of Sweden's burial, thus tells of a touching farewell bade to the monarch's remains by those who had enjoyed peculiar and sympathetic intercourse with him during his life:—

"At about 9 o'clock in the evening a last greeting was brought to the dead Monarch in the shape of a serenade, executed outside the church by 'The King's Singers.' This is a quartet choir, formed by Charles XV. himself, and went to assemble round him to execute the songs and ballads in which the Swedish musical literature is so remarkably rich. Quartet song is brought to high perfection in Sweden, and the universities of Upsala and Lund muster large choirs of some 200 or 300 voices. King Charles before his accession lived some years in Upsala, and there became member of a Club called the 'Juvenals,' into which Gunnar Wennerberg, the since celebrated composer and now Minister of Public Instruction, introduced a strong musical element. Charles XV. loved music, he had himself a powerful bass voice, and he liked to join in the merry songs or half melancholy ballads, of which only few are known out of Sweden. After ascending the Throne he collected in Stockholm all the best voices he could find without caring for name or standing, and in this way he formed, out of very discordant social elements, a choir called 'The King's Singers' and said to be without equal in the delicacy and taste of its singing. The number varied from 20 to 30 or 40, and when the King was residing in the capital he often assembled his fingers around him, or he had them out to Ulrikedal, where the swelling tones and the harmonious strains resounded from the fir-covered rocks and over the still waters of the Edsöiken. It was this choir of 'The King's Singers' which assembled once more around the dust of their departed friend, and brought him their last farewell in Swedish words and Swedish tones."

STETTIN.—Herr A. Todt lately gave a concert of sacred music. Among the pieces performed were a Symphonic Fantasia on "Lobe den Herrn," for orchestra, and a "Concert Movement in the Church Style," for full band. Mme. Harry sang the King's air from *The Messiah*, and the Hallelujah: "Und der Engel sprach zu ihnen" from *Lowe's Weihnachts*. The concert-giver's rendering of organ pieces by Bach was a noteworthy feature in the concert. A piece entitled "Stimme der Thronen," by Herr Fr. W. Sering, was performed by Herr Todt and all the violins.

PROVINCIAL.

LIVERPOOL.—From the *Liverpool Leader* we glean the following information:—

"Residents in Everton well know how ready the Rev. F. H. Roberts is to assist in intellectual as well as religious enterprises, and it is appropriate that, when a high-class society of musical amateurs is formed there, the lecture hall of Richmond Chapel becomes its rendezvous. Not only in Everton, but throughout this neighbourhood, Mr. James J. Monk is rapidly becoming a respected and influential musician, whose talents and energy combine to secure him high local prestige; it is appropriate, therefore, for Mr. Monk to appear as the conductor of this new society. Numerous as such organisations are in our midst, many as are our able and popular professors, both the formation of the 'Everton Musical Society,' and the selection of Mr. Monk to direct its operations, are gratifying. In Everton there is a wide field for such work. The love of music grows by what it feeds upon. The rapid spread of artistic taste and intellectual cultivation justifies the new enterprise. The gentleman who, in connexion with the Waterloo and the Rainhill Choral Societies, has proved his efficiency, may be depended on to bring out all that is good in his new friends; and, as he is fortunate in having not only Mr. A. W. Newell at his side, as a companion at the pianoforte, but also the immediate adherence of a cultivated, earnest, and numerous congregation, we anticipate with confidence a prosperous career for the Everton Musical Society."

BRIGHTON.—Mr. John Cheshire, the well-known harpist, gave a recital, on the 2nd inst., in the Royal Pavilion, which was most fully and fashionably attended. Mr. Cheshire played, with his usual excellence, selections from the works of Parish Alvars and Handel, as well as several of his own compositions, in all of which he was loudly applauded. A new Tarantella, which he gave for the first time, received an encore. His "Grand Triumphant March," also given for the first time, was admired and applauded. Mr. Cheshire was assisted, vocally, by that old favourite of the public, Madame Laura Baxter, who was received enthusiastically. Madame Baxter sang in artistic style a song from M. Gounod's *Faust*, and was loudly encored in Sir Julius Benedict's "By the sad sea waves," and "Home sweet home," both of which were given to perfection, accompanied on the harp by Mr. Cheshire.

EXON.—In the *Windsor and Eton Express* we read that:—

"Mr. Christian's annual concert took place in the Town Hall, when there was a very numerous and fashionable audience. Mr. Christian had obtained the distinguished patronage of H.R.H. the Princess Christian, and the concert was of a very high character. The vocalists were Madame Thaddeus Wells, Mr. Selwyn Graham, and Mr. Christian; the instrumentalists were Mr. Nicholson, solo flautist; Mr. Lazarus, solo clarinet; Mr. F. Hughes, solo ophicleide; and Mr. S. Kempe, R.A.M., pianoforte. Madame Wells sang three songs in a charming manner, 'When the gentle eve descending,' 'Ye little birds,' and 'Dark clouds away.' Mr. Selwyn Graham sang 'Adelaide,' an Italian song, and 'The word and the look,' in both of which he was much applauded. Mr. Christian gave 'The wreck of the Hesperus' in a highly successful manner, and also a song from *La Sonnambula*. The instrumental performances elicited much applause."—"The annual meeting of the Windsor and Eton Choral Society took place in the Town Hall, Windsor, Sir G. Elvey in the chair. There was a good attendance of members, and the report for the last season was read by the hon. secretary, Mr. J. Good. A vote of thanks was unanimously awarded to the hon. secretary, on the proposition of Sir George Elvey. The thanks of the meeting were given to Sir George Elvey for taking the chair. Handel's *Jephtha* will be put into practice immediately."

BIRMINGHAM.—We take the following from that admirably conducted morning paper, the *Birmingham Daily Post*:—

"For the benefit of the working men who prefer to spend their Sunday evenings in the pestiferous back-parlour of their favourite public-house, we may lay before them the programme of the 'entertainment' provided last Sunday evening, in St. George's Hall, London, by the committee of gentlemen who originated 'Sunday Evenings for the People.' In the first place, it is to be noted that there was a large attendance, that the audience was mainly composed of the working classes, that the utmost decorum prevailed, that the 'entertainment' was highly appreciated, and that it was of a pleasant, intellectual character."

We have no space to quote the programme, but may add that it entirely justifies the observations of our contemporary.

THE music committee of a church in Brooklyn, having advertised for an organist, received the following:—"Gentlemen, I noticed your advertisement for organist and music teacher, either lady or gentleman. Having been both for several years I offer you my services."

CONCERT.

Bow.—A classical and popular concert was given, under the direction of Mrs. John Macfarren, on Monday, Oct. 14, in the spacious hall adjoining the Bow Railway Station. She played, with Mr. Weist Hill and Mr. Walter Pettit, Beethoven's Trio in B flat, for piano, violin, and violoncello; also the last movement of Haydn's Trio in G, for the same instruments; and was associated with Mr. Pettit in Chopin's *Polonaise* for piano and violoncello. The marked attention and interest with which these works were listened to by an audience of nearly one thousand persons, is evidence that the eastern suburbs of London are not behind the times in their appreciation of good music. Miss Banks delivered the *scena* from *Freischütz* with dramatic feeling; and was encored in Mr. G. A. Macfarren's "The beating of my own heart," and in Mr. W. C. Levey's *Emeralda*. Signor Bellini pleased so well in Rossini's "Miei rampolli" that he had to repeat the last part of it. Miss Agnes Drummond was encored in the late Tom Cooke's setting of "Over hill, over dale." Mrs. John Macfarren was greatly applauded in a selection of Mendelssohn's "Songs without words," and Mr. Weist Hill in a violin solo, of his own composition, on airs from Wallace's *Maritana*.

REVIEWS.

BOOSEY & CO.

Mr. F. H. COWEN's "Marguerite" is a graceful song. The words are worthy of the music. Mr. Bowles has chosen for his theme the German fancy of plucking the daisy petals as a love test, and supplied Mr. Cowen with a quaint refrain to each verse, which should be sung in French. This song is written in B flat, and in C; the former is only suitable for contralto voices, the latter for a soprano or even mezzo-soprano.—"So the Story goes," by J. L. Molloy, is bright and merry. The words by J. F. Waller tell of a little maid, who drops a rose into a mill stream; the miller's son recovers the flower, and anybody can guess the sequel. Mr. Molloy writes chiefly for soprano, as this song in F proves, for the compass extends to G above the lines; the other copy is in G, and only suited to a high soprano voice.—From Mr. Alfred Gatty come three songs, the prettiest of which is "Voices of the Past," the music very fair, the words by Adelaide Proctor are such as the strictest governess might place in the hands of her youngest pupil. "A little longer yet," by the same composer and author, is dreary, and calculated to produce a sleepy "thank you" from an after-dinner audience. "Elenora," words by L. L. B., tells of a love-sick swain, who, in very commonplace strains, informs his lady-love that he has brought her costly presents from distant lands, and, in the course of three verses, wails forth her name no less than thirteen times.—"Guide me, guide me," is a lively patter song from Offenbach's opera bouffe, *Le Roi Carotte*. If sung with due vivacity it will certainly win favour, especially from those who have heard the complete work from which it is taken.

DUNCAN DAVIDSON & CO.

Mr. GEORGE TOLHURST, hitherto known to fame as the composer of an oratorio called *Ruth*, has, in conjunction with Charles Mackay, D.C.L., brought out a song "There's Sunshine in the Sky; or, The Little Moles." The music will catch the uneducated ear, for there is a decided swing in the tune.

G. EMERY.

A VERY pretty frontispiece to a song often betokens an inferior composition. "The Old Wheel in the Mill" is an exception to this rule. Mr. J. Theodore Trekkell, a popular composer of pianoforte pieces, has produced a very pleasing melody, to which he has set a graceful little poem by Mr. S. H. Bradbury. The song is moderately easy, and within the compass of ordinary voices.

WILLIAM MORLEY.

A BALLAD by Charles W. Glover, "Hope's Bright Dream," bears a strong family likeness to many of its kindred, but will be found very useful for teaching. It is published in the keys of F and B flat.—The name of Mr. Edward Land is so intimately associated with ballads, glees, and madrigals, that we are quite prepared to appreciate a song from his pen, and are but rarely disappointed. "The Summer Breezes sing of thee" is a satisfactory musician-like ballad, which we can cordially recommend.

H. D'ALCORN.

It is a subject for regret that so many amateurs confuse genius with eccentricity. Mr. Worsley Robinson has written and composed a Canonetta, with a perfectly illegible frontispiece, entitled "Elf Song." The author has stamped his work with an amateur impression by the introduction of an ejaculatory Oh! on A above the lines, over which he has written "this bar is optional." We advise him to remove the interjectional bar altogether as having no connection with the words or music, and spoiling an otherwise carefully-written song.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The *Daily Telegraph* of Monday noticed last Saturday's Concert as follows:—

"The second concert opened with the overture to *Zauberflöte*, magnificently played and received with as much delight as though its wonderful combination of science and fancy were not among the things most familiar to amateurs. This was followed by Spohr's fourth and greatest symphony, *Die Weihe der Töne*, or, to use the accepted English title, *The Power of Sound*. Whoever first translated *Weihe* by *Power* undoubtedly made a grave philological mistake, and Spohr's work should, in strict truth, be known as *The Consecration of Sound*. But, having made this acknowledgment to the genius of language, we are free to confess that our sympathies go with the blunderer, who, probably consulted his consciousness more than his dictionary. *The Power of Sound* is, after all, by far the best name. It is true to the meaning of the work, and it conveys a more definite idea than its lawful rival—"consecration" being, when applied to sound, a word of the vaguest meaning. We see no reason, therefore, to disturb the accepted English name, but would rather keep it as an amendment of the original. A work so well known and so often discussed need not detain us. Enough that Spohr's musical pictures were received with manifest satisfaction, and could not have failed to be understood by the dullest of those who looked at them in the light of 'G.'s' descriptive remarks. The symphony was played in a style which left nothing to desire—the first clarinet (M. Papé) and first violoncello (Mr. Reed) specially distinguishing themselves. A modern orchestral arrangement of a Gavotte based upon an old French air was introduced for the first—and we hope the last—time. Louis XIII. is credited with the melody; not untruly, perhaps, inasmuch as that monarch enjoys but slight musical renown. Who the arranger is, we know not; but it may be devoutly hoped that he has no more old French tunes to serve in similar fashion. The Gavotte was encored, we are sorry to say, and we are still more sorry to say, was repeated. Wagner's overture to *Rienzi* closed the list of orchestral selections amid abundant noise of a somewhat vulgar sort. The composer is said to repudiate this early work, and in the matter of its repudiation very few will differ from him. Under such circumstances, we see no good in thrusting it upon the attention of a public who do not ask for it, and whose taste it can only influence for the worse. The vocal music was contributed by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and a Signor Mottino, of whom nothing was previously known."

[Our columns are open to "G." for any observations he may feel inspired to make. There is evidently a freemasonry between the C. P. and D. T. as regards the (agreed upon) interpretation of the monosyllable *Weihe*.] A.S.S.

WAIFS.

M. Pasdeloup's Concerts Populaires begin to-morrow.

A new theatrical journal, *Il Globo*, has appeared at Rome.

The Cairo opera season begins Nov. 1, under the musical direction of Signor Bottesini.

The new King of Sweden, like his deceased brother, is an intelligent amateur of music.

Mr. Richard Temple, the young and rising baritone, is engaged at the *Opéra Comique*.

Workmen are again busy with the new carillons of St. Germain l'Auxerois—40 bells.

Regina, a hitherto unheard opera by Lortzing, will shortly be produced at Nuremberg.

Der Freischütz is in rehearsal at the Grand Opéra, with Sylva, Gailhard, Defries, and Manduit in the chief parts.

The *Gazette Musicale* announces that opera bouffe will be played at the Royal Albert Hall during the winter. Of course, St. George's Hall is meant.

Le Ménestrel announces that Signor Arditì has been engaged to accompany Mme. Adelina Patti as *chef d'orchestra* during her tour in the United States.

Victor Hugo's *Cromwell* is about to be adapted for the English stage by two friends of the poet, as an answer to Mr. Will's recent delineation of the Protector.

M. Gounod gave a concert in Brussels (Théâtre Monnaie) last Sunday. The programme included his symphony in E flat, *Gallis*, and the ballet-music of *Faust*.

It is said that M. Gounod has promised M. Verger, of the Italians, a new three-act opera in the course of the present season. The composition is already far advanced.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert's *Pygmalion and Galatea* has been produced with great success at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Birmingham, with, of course, Miss Madge Robertson as Galatea.

Mdme. Penco's Lucrezia, at the Italiens, throws the *Gazette Musicale* into ecstasies. Our contemporary styles the impersonation "une Lucrezia magnifique, sinon incomparable."

The American *Church News* is disposed to accept as one proof of the divine origin of the Episcopal Church, the fact that it has been able to survive so many years of suffering from quartet singing.

Prophet Wagner and Priest Liszt are together at Bayreuth, examining the foundations of the Festival-Theatre, which, let us hope, are laid on something firmer than the sands of their doctrines.

The death, at Bombay, of Mr. A. König the well-known horn player, has been announced. He was bandmaster of the 65th Regiment, and brother of the late Herman König, the celebrated cornet player.

Mlle. Rita Sangalli, a *démouée* well known in London, appeared in *La Source*, at the Grand Opéra, last week, with great success. She is described in the *Gazette Musicale* as "un virtuose des plus brillantes."

The musical library of the Sorbonne—reputed as rich in the compositions of the 17th and 18th centuries—will probably be added to that of the Conservatoire. Its worth is, at present, scarcely ascertained.

Mr. Froude has attained the supreme Transatlantic honour of a literary dinner at New York. He was specially favoured, besides, with the company of Messrs. Bryant and Emerson and the Rev. Mr. Beecher.

Mr. Wallace Wells, the tenor singer, has successfully undertaken the part of "John of Brent" in the *Lady of the Lake*, at Drury Lane, as well as that of Brian, formerly played by Mr. Rosenthal, who was suddenly taken ill.

The concert given by Mlle. Thérèse Liebe and Miss Alice Fairman, on board the good ship *Malta* (bound for New York), on the 27th September, in aid of the "Liverpool Seaman's Orphan Institution," produced the handsome sum of £20.

Mr. Thomas Landseer has just completed the etching of Sir Edwin Landseer's well known picture, entitled "*Browsing*." The health of Sir Edwin, we are happy to say, continues improving, and is already such as to admit of his personal attention to business.

Le Nozze di Figaro was to have been performed at the Opéra Comique on Wednesday last. At the same theatre Gounod's *Romeo et Juliette* will shortly be brought out under the direction of M. Georges Bizet, who is now at Brussels receiving the composer's final instructions.

Our readers will be glad to hear that Professor Oakeley has arrived safely from Switzerland, much better than could have been expected. He is, we understand, at Brighton, having been advised by Sir James Paget to remain there some weeks before returning to Scotland.

A New York editor thinks from the manner in which shirts are made in that city there ought to be an inspection of sewing. He says he went to the expense of a new shirt the other day, and found himself, when he awoke in the morning, crawling out from between two of the shortest stitches.

A bookbinder said to his wife at the wedding: "It seems now that we are bound together, two volumes in one, with clasps." "Yes," observed one of the guests, "one side highly ornamented Turkey morocco, and the other plain calf," and the next moment he was taking rapid strides down stairs.

Doings at the Parisian lyric theatres last week:—The Opéra—*Il Trovatore*, *La Favorite*, *Le Prophète*. The Opéra Comique—*Les Noces de Jeanette*, *Huyder*, *Mignon*, *Le Pré aux Clercs*. Italiens—*Lucrezia Borgia*, *Marta*. L'Athénée—*L'Alibi*.

Doings at the London lyric theatres last week:—*nil*.

Mr. Henry W. Goodban, who has been some time suffering from ill health, has returned to town from a three months' continental tour, and a long sojourn in the Engadine (Switzerland). The St. Mauritz baths and waters have done wonders for him, and his friends will be happy to hear that he is again able to resume his professional duties.

BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL CHORAL SOCIETY.—We have already drawn attention to the programme, comprising Rossini's *Stabat Mater* and Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*, for the opening concert of the season, which takes place in the Town Hall, on Thursday next; and, as the attendance of subscribers and the casual public is likely to be a large one, intending patrons will do well to secure their places in time. The seat plans, it will be observed, are at Messrs. Harrison's Ticket Office, Colmore Row.—*Birmingham Daily Post*.

The following humorous description of a Yankee, is from a poem read at an historical celebration at Hartford (Conn.):—

"He would kiss a Queen till he raised a blister,
With his arm round her neck and his old felt hat on;
Would address the King with the title of 'Mister,'
And ask him the price of the throne that he sat on."

Signor Tito Mattei has returned to London, from Paris, after signing a contract with the Directors of the Italian Opera (Salle Ventadour), for the production of his new opera, *Maria di Gona*, at the beginning of next season. M. Alphonse Ledue has secured the right of publishing the music, for France, and Messrs. Hutchings and Romer, for England.

A handsome young gentleman walked into the Adams Express office the other day, and desired to express a package of letters to a lady, to whom he desired to return them.—"What are they worth?" asked the clerk, who, in making out his account, desired to know what was the risk. The young man hesitated a moment, then, clearing his throat from a certain huskiness, replied: "Well, I can't say exactly, but a few weeks ago I thought they were worth about four hundred thousand dollars."—*Lexington Press*.

The St. Petersburg Italian Opera season, which commences this month, promises to be exciting, owing to the rivalry between Madame Adelina Patti (La Marquise de Caux) and Madame Nilsson-Rouzaud. The fair Swede is to have the part of Valentine in Meyerbeer's *Ugonotti*, and Madame Patti is not likely to allow her the monopoly of it. Madame Nilsson-Rouzaud will make her *début* in the Russian capital on the 16th inst., as Ophelia, in the *Amleto* of M. Ambrois Thomas. She will also appear in *Mignon*, by the same composer; as Desdemona in *Otello*; as Margherita, in M. Gounod's *Faust*, and also in the *Traviata* and *Trovatore* of Verdi, and the *Lucia* of Donizetti. While Madame Nilsson is in St. Petersburg, Madame Patti will be in Moscow; and when the latter has completed her engagement she will go to St. Petersburg, and Madame Nilsson to Moscow. The contending stars will not, therefore, be in immediate collision. Rossini's *Tell* is to be mounted in St. Petersburg, under the title of *Carlo il Temerario*. To Madame Mallinger, will probably be assigned among other parts, Alice, in *Roberto il Diavolo*, and Selika, in the *Africaine*.

A correspondent writes us word that:—"Saturday last, the 12th inst., was the 'day of atonement and the great feast,' the annual festival of the Jewish persuasion. A day solely passed in devotional observances. We were one of the witnesses in the temple of the West London Jews' Synagogue, Upper Berkeley Street, which was crowded to excess, not only by their own members, but by many ladies and gentlemen of different denominations, to listen to the different sermons, chants, choruses, &c. During the afternoon service, the 84th Psalm, by Mr. Ch. Salaman, was exquisitely rendered by Miss Grace Lindo, who sang the solo with which the Psalm commences, and was afterwards joined by Miss Sydney in a duet, followed by a quartet, in which the choir united with good effect. Some ancient Jewish melodies, for male voices, were given with great effect, the striking accompaniments upon the organ being played by Mr. Verinder (Mus. Bac., Oxon.). The 103rd Psalm was particularly well sung. The music, also composed by Mr. Verinder, was received with universal commendation. The Reverend Mr. Mark's (pastor and founder of the congregation) sermons were listened to with the greatest attention, especially the closing one (text—'Man who is born of woman'). This solemn day was closed with a prayer. The effect produced by the Reverend Mr. Mark, when invoking the Supreme Being to accept his prayer for his congregation, and to pardon their sins, was so affecting that it drew tears from many of the ladies in the gallery. As a preacher, Mr. Mark is one of the first, and not only thoroughly conversant with the Mosaic Laws, but also with many other branches. After the closing prayer and sermon, 'the horn was sounded,' and the congregation dispersed to their respective homes."

V. P.

There are now together, for the first time in New York City, four of the most remarkable historical singers of our century. They have all passed the maturity of their powers, but they are all singing still. Their names are Signors Mario, Carl Formes, Ronconi, and Mdme. Anna Bishop. Let us not say what their ages separately are, much less what they would be, considered collectively. Mdme. Anna Bishop Schultz, who has had more biographies written of her than we have years in our life, has yet always managed to keep that one unimportant matter of age out of them. We only know that she sang in London at a concert given in the Royal Italian Opera House in July, 1839, at which concert Gritti, Garcia, Persiani, Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache also sang, and that she has been singing with little intermission in all the habitable and inhabitable portions of the globe ever since. We said "only," but we know more, and it is, that few of the illustrious singers who have been contemporaneous with her, have led a more eventful life, or preserved a better school and method for so many generations. She has put a girdle round the earth several times, and once we remember reading of her that she was meeting with brilliant success in Ceylon; and again that she had been shipwrecked in the China Sea, and, after dreadful exposure in an open boat for twenty days, had cheerfully set about organizing a concert the moment they got into shoal water. Now, she is singing at the Sunday night concerts at Irving Hall. As for Mario,

we all know how far back into the past his voice reaches, and not only how often he sang with Garcia and Grisi, but how much he learned of them. Yea, and retains for the latest generation in Steinway Hall. Then there is Formes, who broke upon London in 1849, in the *Zauberflöte*, and by the majesty of his voice and presence recalled the puissance of Lablache. What a splendid career was his. America trembled with delight at his thunder, and, in *Robert*, nobody had been seen like him. Now he is singing, or trying to, in a cheap Broadway saloon. It may be hard to make New York concert-goers believe that Ronconi is, or has been, great, but there are enough of us who know that he has been more famous. That it was he and not Mario (who sang with him), who saved "I due Foscari" from utter condemnation in London; and that he, too, was at one time a rival of Lablache's, and is used from that contest unharmful. Well, Ronconi is singing with Mario once more. What choice reminiscences they must rattle off together between the pieces; what storied chat, what rich, ripe memories. Can it be that this quartet, stranded here, has not been together over friendly glasses already, reminding each other of the thousand unwritten secrets of the quarter century, so full of song?—*New York Arcadian*.

WAGNER AGAIN.

(Extract from a Letter.)

I hear wonders of the plans definitely adopted by Richard Wagner, and hailed with wild enthusiasm by his thousands of worshippers—to whom he has deigned to intimate them in his wonted autocratic manner—with respect to the stage machinery, orchestral arrangements, and general organisation of the huge theatre now in course of construction under his directions, for the production of his Trilogy: a work which he declares to be the offspring of his ripe genius, all those preceding it having been merely feelers, in the right direction of course, but rather leading up to a new musical era, than belonging to that era itself. *Cela promet!* The orchestra is to be constructed on a scale of grandeur unprecedented in theatrical annals; fifty first and second violins, and everything else in proportion. None but first-class executants will be enrolled in its ranks. Monsters of antediluvian size and appalling aspect, to which an elephant will seem a puppy-dog, are to appear upon the stage, and comport themselves in such manner as might be expected from their great dimensions and the traditional accounts of their ferocity. The whole supernatural menagerie of Northern lore will be exhibited upon the Bayreuth boards; and truly, those who have secured a ticket, costing £32, for the first performance of the Trilogy—in I cannot tell how many acts, spread over several evenings of five hours apiece—have a certain right to look forward to something out of the way, considering the price of admission, and the severity of the trial to which they propose voluntarily to submit themselves. Wagnerians are still going round with the hat, despite the golden results of Wagner lotteries, Wagner savings-boxes, &c.; for the theatre itself will scarcely be completed under £50,000, and all the devils, angels, gods, giants, dragons, serpents, flying wolves, and other mythological phenomena of the *Nibelungen Lied* will cost "a power of money." Wilful Wagner will have his way, however; and I have no doubt that the means will be forthcoming for the realisation of his fantastic schemes. It is a comfort to think that, unless the leading theatres of Europe shall be rebuilt according to the Wagnerian pattern, there is no chance for some years to come—perhaps for all time—of hearing the Trilogy anywhere except at Bayreuth.

HERB RITTER VON K—.

Berlin Oct. 14.

VIENNA.—M^{de} Koch-Bossenberger from the Theater an der Wien, has appeared in Lortzing's *Waffenschmidt*, at the Imperial Operahouse. She possesses dramatic talent, but her voice will probably be found too weak for so large a building. In all likelihood, M^{lle}. Gindele will leave the same establishment. Up to the present time, she has drawn a salary of 7,000 florins. Her engagement will shortly expire, and she asked 12,000 florins a year to renew. The management show no disposition to acquiesce in her demand, which they consider excessive. —Herr Ernst Frank, chorus-master of the Academic Union, has been engaged, on highly favourable terms, as conductor of the Court Theatre, Mannheim.—The Philharmonic Society will produce the following important works in the course of next season: "Passacaglia," Bach; Symphonies, 4, 8, 9, and Overtures to *Egmont* and *Leonore*, No. 2, Beethoven; Symphony, 4, Gade; Overture to *Iphigenia*, Gluck;

Overture to *Sakuntala*, Goldmark; Capriccio (new), H. Grädener; 2nd Canon Suite (new), Grimm; Symphony, F flat major, Haydn; Suite, No. 2 (new), Lachner; "M-phisto," waltz (new), Liszt; Symphony, No. 4, Overture to *Athalie*, Mendelssohn; Adagio from the G minor Quartet, Mozart; "Trauer-march" (scored by Liszt, and new), Schubert; Symphonies, 1 and 4, Schumann; Serenade (new), 1st Symphony (2nd time), Volkmann; Overture to *Faust*, R. Wagner; Overture to *Oberon*, Weber; "Melusine" (new), Julius Zellner. The concerts will take place on the 17th November, the 1st, 15th, and 29th December, 1872, the 12th and 26th January, and the 9th and 30th March in the grand hall of the Musical Union.—The following anecdote concerning Herr Niemann has lately gone the rounds of the German press, after having originally appeared in the correspondence of the *Dresdner Nachrichten*. Herr Niemann has been starring at the Imperial Operahouse. One morning, at rehearsal, Herr M—, a baritone, and Herr K—, a tenor, both regular members of the company, and favourites of the public, were standing at the wing. Herr Niemann had sung the evening previously. Turning to his companion, Herr M— observed: "He is a splendid and intelligent actor—but he has no voice."—"Who has no voice?" roared some one behind them, the question being immediately followed by a blow in the face—Herr Niemann's answer to Herr M—'s critical estimation of him. Hereupon, Herr K— asked: "What's the meaning of this?" and thereupon Herr Niemann administered Herr K— also a blow in the face. The carpenters, who greatly esteem Herr M—, and cordially detest Herr Niemann, for his overbearing behaviour, now caught hold of the latter, and thrashed him so severely, that he was laid up in consequence.

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